because he never knew what Mead was going to do or say next. When Jerome Lesurques is forced to suspect bis son of crime, he has a line :

"Am I mad, or dreaming? **Would I were."**

Mead one night gave a less poetic reading:

"Am I mad or *drunk* ? Would I were! "

It will be remembered by those who saw the play that Lesurques, an innocent man, will not commit the Roman suicide of honour at his father's bidding, and refuses to take up his pistol from the table. " What! you refuse to die by your own hands, do you ? " says the elder Lesurques. ** Then die like a dog by mine *I* " (producing a pistol from his pocket).

One nigfrt, after having delivered the line with his usual force and impressiveness, Mead, after prolonged fumbling in his coat-tail pockets, added another:

"D----, b----1 God bless my soul! Where's the pistol ? I haven't got the pistol! "

The last scene in the eventful history of *' Meadisms " in " The Lyons Mail " was when Mead came on to the stage in his own top-tat, went over to the sofa, and lay down, ap-parently for a nap! Not a word could Henry get frt«n him, and Henry had to play the scene by himself. He did it in this way :

" You say, father, that I/* etc. ** I answer you that it is false 1"

Mead had a remarkable *foci.* Norman Forbes called it an *architectural* foot Bunions and gout combined to give it a gargoykd effect! One night, I forget whether it was in this play or another, Henry, pavring the ground

with his foot before aua " exit " —ooc of the mannerisms
which his imitators delighted to burlesque—came down on
poor old Mead's foot, bunion gargoyles and all! Hardly